

F A N.

A

P O E M.

In Three Books.

By Mr. G A Y.

— ἐνθάδε θελκίηται πάντα τέτυκτο·
 ὧδα ἐνὶ μῦθῳ φιλότις, ἐν δ' ἱμερῶ, ἐν δ' ὀαειῦς,
 ἄρρασις ἦτ' ἔκλεψεν νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων·
 ὧν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσὶν, Homer Iliad. 14.

To which is Added,

The Smock-Race,

A T

F I N G L A S.

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THE
N.A.

MEMO

B  M

THE
FAN.
A
POEM.

BOOK I.

Sing that graceful Toy, whose waving Play,
With gentle Gales relieves the sultry Day.
Not the wide Fan by *Persian* Dames display'd,
Which o'er their Beauty casts a grateful Shade ;
Nor That long known in *China's* artful Land,
Which, while it cools the Face, fatigues the Hand ;
Nor shall the Muse in *Indian* Climates rove,
To seek in *Indostan* some spicy Grove,
Where stretch'd at Ease the panting Lady lies,
And shuns the Fervor of Meridian Skies,

While sweating Slaves catch ev'ry Breeze of Air,
And with wide spreading Fans refresh the Fair;
No busie Gnats her pleasing Dreams molest,
Inflame her Check, or savage ore her Breast,
But artificial Zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the Fever of the Sky.

Nor shall *Bermudus* long the Muse detain,
Whose fragrant Forrests bloom in *Waller's* Strain,
Where breathing Sweets from ev'ry Field ascend,
And the wild Woods with golden Apples bend;
Yet let me in some Od'rous Shade repose,
Whilst in my Verse the fair *Palmetto* grows:
Like the tall *Pine* it shoots its stately Head,
From the broad Top depending Branches spread;
No knotty Limbs the taper Body bears,
Hung on each Bough a single Leaf appears,
Which shrivell'd in its Infancy remains,
Like a clos'd Fan, nor stretches wide its Veins,
But as the Seasons in their Circle run,
Opes its ribb'd Surface to the nearer Sun:
Beneath this Shade the weary Peasant lies,
Plucks the broad Leaf, and bids the Breezes rise.

Stay, wandering Muse, nor rove in foreign Climes,
To thy own native Shore confine thy Rhimes.
Assist, ye Nine, your loftiest Notes employ,
Say what Celestial Skill contriv'd the Toy;

L S I T

Say how this Instrument of Love began,
And in immortal Strains display the Fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his am'rous Pain,
Which gay *Corinna* rally'd with Disdain;
Sometimes in broken Words he sigh'd his Care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the Fair;
With bolder Freedoms now the Youth advanc'd,
He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhim'd, he danc'd;
Now call'd more pow'rful Presents to his Aid,
And to seduce the Mistress, brib'd the Maid;
Smooth Flatt'ry in her softer Hours apply'd,
The surest Charm to bind the force of Pride:
But still unmov'd remains the scornful Dame,
Insults her Captive, and derides his Flame.
When *Strephon* saw his Vows dispers'd in Air,
He sought in Solitude to lose his Care;
Relief in Solitude he sought in vain,
It serv'd, like Musick, but to feed his Pain.
To *Venus* now the slighted Boy complains,
And calls the Goddess in these tender Strains.

O potent Queen, from *Neptune's* Empire sprung,
Whose glorious Birth admiring *Nereids* sung,
Who 'midst the fragrant Plains of *Cyprus* rove,
And whose bright Presence gilds the *Paphian* Grove,
Where to thy Name a thousand Altars rise,
And frequent Clouds of Incense hide the Skies;

L O V E

O beauteous Goddess, teach me how to move,
Inspire my Tongue with Eloquence of Love.
If lost *Adonis* e're thy Bosom warm'd,
If e're his Eyes, or Godlike Figure charm'd,
Think on those Hours when first you felt the Dart,
Think on the restless Feaver of thy Heart;
Think how you pin'd in Absence of the Swain,
By those uneasy Minutes guess my Pain:
Thy Suppliant, O Propitious Goddess, aid,
Or quench my Flame, or bend the stubborn Maid.
Ev'n while *Cydippe* to *Dianna* bows,
And at her Shrine renew'd her Virgin Vows,
Her Lover, by thy Present, won the Dame,
And in a lucky Motto spoke his Flame.
Oh, may my Flame, like thine, *Acontius* prove,
May *Venus* dictate, and reward my Love.
When Crouds of Suitors *Atalanta* try'd,
She Wealth, and Beauty, Wit and Fame defy'd;
Each daring Lover with advent'rous Pace
Pursu'd his Wishes, in the dang'rous Race,
Like the swift Hind, the bounding Damsel flies,
She gains the Goal, the distanc'd Lover dies.
Hippomenes, O *Venus* was thy Care,
You taught the Swain to slay the flying Fair,
Thy golden Present caught the Virgin's Eyes,
And while she stoop'd, he won the beauteous Prize.
Say, *Cyprian* Goddess, by what Gift or Art,
I may subdue *Corinna's* faithless Heart;

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If only some bright Toy can charm her Sight,
Teach, me what Present will prevent her Flight;
Thus the desponding Youth his Flame declares;
And melts the Goddess with his falling Tears.

Far in *Cythera* stands a spacious Grove,
Sacred to *Venus* and the God of Love;
Where the luxuriant Myrtle rears its Head,
Like the tall Oak the fragrant Branches spread;
Here Nature all her Sweets profusely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd Ground with various Flow'rs;
In the remotest Part a Grotto bends,
Wide though the craggy Rock its Arch extends,
The rugged Stone is cloath'd with mantling Vines,
And round the Cave the creeping Woodbine twines.

Here busie *Cupids*, with pernicious Art,
Form the stiff Bow, and forge the fatal Dart;
All share the Toil; while some the Bellows ply,
Others with Feathers teach their Shafts to fly:
Some with joint Force whirl round the stony Wheel,
Where sparkling Fire streams from the tamper'd Steel;
Some point their Arrows with the nicest Skill,
And with the warlike Store their Quivers fill.

A diff'rent Toil another Forge employs;
Here the loud Hammer fashions Female Toys.

Hence

L 8

Hence is the Fair with Ornaments supply'd,
Hence sprung the glitt'ring Implements of Pride;
Each Trinket that adorns the modern Dame,
First to these little Artists ow'd its Frame.
Here an unfinish'd *Di'mond Crosslet* lay,
To which soft Lovers Adoration pay;
There was the polish'd *Crystal Bottle* seen,
That with quick Scents revives the modish Spleen:
Here the yet rude unjointed *Snuff-Box* lyes,
Which serves the railly'd Fop for smart Replies;
There Piles of *Paper* rose in gilded Reams,
The tender Records of the Lover's Flames;
Here clouded *Canes* 'midst heaps of Toys are found,
And inlaid *Tweezer-Cases* strow the Ground.
There stands the *Toilette*, Nursery of Charms,
Compleatly furnish'd with bright Beauty's Arms;
The Patch, the Powder-Box, Pulville, Perfumes,
Pins, Paint, a flatt'ring Glass, and Black-lead Combs.

The toilsome Hours in diff'rent Labour slide,
Some wear the File, and some the Graver guide;
Now the loud Anvil the quick Blow rebounds,
And their rais'd Arms descend in tuneful Sounds.
Thus when *Semiramis*, in ancient Days,
Bad *Babylon* her mighty Bulwarks raise;
A swarm of Lab'ers diff'rent Tasks attend,
Here Pullies make the pond'rous Oak ascend,

With echoing Strokes the cragged Quarry groans,
While there the Chisell forms the shapeless Stones;
The weighty Mallet deals resounding Blows,
Till the proud Walls the lofty Tow'rs enclose.

Now *Venus* mounts her Car, she shakes the Reins,
And steers her Turtles to *Cythera's* Plains;
Strait to the Grot with graceful Step she goes,
Her loose Ambrosial Hair behind her flows:
The swelling Bellows have for Breath no more,
All drop their silent Hammers on the Floor;
In deep suspense the mighty Labour stands,
While thus the Goddess spoke her mild Commands.

Industrious *Loves*, your present Toils forbear,
A more important Task demands your Care;
Long has the Scheme employ'd my thoughtful Mind,
My Judgment ripen'd, and by Time refin'd.
That glorious Bird have you not often seen
Which draws the Car of the Celestial Queen?
Have you not oft, survey'd his varying Dyes,
His Tail all gilded o'er with *Argus's* Eyes?
Have you not seen him in some sunny Day,
Unfurle his Plumes, and all his Pride display,
Then suddenly contract his dazzling Train,
And with long trailing Feathers sweep the Plain?
Learn from this Hint, Let this instruct your Art,
Then taper Sticks must from one Center part:

Let

With

Let these into the Quadrant's form divide,
The spreading Ribs let snowy Paper ride;
Here shall the Pencil bid its Colours flow,
And make a Miniature Creation grow.
Let the Machine in equal Foldings close,
And now its plaited Surface wide dispose.
So shall the Fair her idle Hand employ,
And grace each Motion with the restless Toy,
With various Airs bid the soft Zephyrs rise,
While Love in ev'ry gentle Zephyr flies.

✧ The Master *Cupid* traces out the Lines,
And with judicious Hand the Draught designs,
Th' expecting *Loves* with Joy the Model view,
And the joint Labour eagerly pursue.
Some slit their Arrows with the nicest Art,
And into Sticks convert the shiver'd Dart;
The breathing Bellows weak the sleeping Fire,
Blow of the Cinders, and the Sparks aspire;
Their Arrow's Point they soften in the Flame,
And sounding Hammers break its barbed Frame:
Of This, the little Pin they neatly mold,
From whence their Arms the spreading Sticks unfold;
In equal Plaits they now the Paper bend,
And at just Distance the wide Ribs extend,
Then on the Frame they mount the limber Skreen,
And finish instantly the new Machine.

The Goddess pleas'd, the curious Work receives,
Remounts her Chariot, and the Grotto leaves;
With the light Fan she moves the yielding Air,
And Gales, till then unknown, play round the Fair.

Unhappy Lovers! how will you withstand,
When these new Arms shall grace your Charmer's Hand?
In ancient Times, when Maids in Thought were pure,
When Eyes were Artless, and the Look demure,
When the wide Ruff the well-turn'd Neck enclos'd,
Nor the bare Bosom heaving Breasts expos'd,
When the close Hood conceal'd the modest Ear,
Nor was the Forehead crown'd with powder'd Hair;
Then in the Muff the unactive Fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in various Forms to play.

How are the Sex improv'd in am'rous Arts,
What num'rous Snares they bait for human Hearts!
Each Nymph is deeply vers'd in treach'rous Wiles,
With Tears she softens, and betrays with Smiles;
Her Dress, her Hand, her Air, her Glances move,
And Woman is encompass'd round with Love.

When kindling War the ravag'd Globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty Plains with human Gore,
The first, the brandish'd Arm the Jay'lin threw,
And sent wing'd Arrows from the twanging Yew.

In the bright Air the dreadful Fauchion shone,
Or whistling Slings dismiss'd th' uncertain Stone,
Now Men those less destructive Arms despise,
And wasteful Death from thundring Cannon flies,
One Hour with more Battalions strows the Plain,
Than were before in Weekly Battles slain.
So Love with fatal Arms the Nymph supplies
Her Dress disposes, and directs her Eyes.
The Bosom now its naked Beauty shows,
Th' experienc'd Eye resistless Glances throws ;
Now vary'd Patches wander o'er the Face,
And strike each Gazer with a borrow'd Grace ;
The fickle Head-dress sinks and now aspires,
And rears its tow'ry Front on rising Wires :
The curling Hair in tortur'd Ringlets flows,
Or round the Face in labour'd Order grows.

What Thought, what various Numbers can express
Th' inconstant Equipage of Female Dress ?
How the strait Stays the slender Waste constrain,
How to adjust the Manteau's sweeping Train ?
What Fancy can the Petticoat surround,
With the Capacious Hoop of Whalebone bound ?
But stay, presumptuous Muse, nor boldly dare,
The Toilette's sacred Mysteries declare ;
Let a just Distance to thy Beauty paid,
None here must enter but the trusty Maid.

Should you the Wardrobe's Magazine rehearse,
 And glossy Manteaus rustle in thy Verse ;
 Should you the rich Brocaded Suit unfold,
 Where rising Flow'rs grow stiff with frosted Gold ;
 The dazled Muse would from her Subject stray,
 And in a Maze of Fashions lose her Way.
 How should I soar, and with unwearied Wing,
 Trace varying Habits upward to their Spring !
 The mighty task my humble Muse declines,
 Which future Bards shall sing in loftier Lines.



B

THE

THE
FAN.
A
POEM.
BOOK II.

OLYMPUS Gates unfold ; in Heav'ns high Tow'rs
Appear in Council all th' immortal Pow'rs ;
Great *Jove* above the rest exalted sat,
And in his Mind revolv'd succeeding Fate,
His awful Eyes with Rays superior shone,
The Thunder-grasping Eagle guards his Throne ;
On silver Clouds the great Assembly laid,
The whole Creation at one View survey'd.

But see, fair *Venus* comes in all her State,
The *Loves* and *Graces* round the Goddess wait ;
With her loose Robe officious *Zephyrs* play,
And strow with odoriferous Flow'rs the Way.
In her right Hand she waves the flutt'ring Fan,
And thus in melting Sounds her Speech began.

Assembled Pow'rs, who fickle Mortals guide,
 That o'er the Sea, the Skies or Earth preside,
 The Fountains whence all human Blessings flow,
 Who pour your Bounties on the World below.
 'Twas *Bacchus*, first who prun'd the climbing Vine,
 And taught the Grape to stream with gen'rous Wine;
 Industrious *Ceres* tam'd the savage Ground,
 And pregnant Fields with golden Harvests crown'd;
Flora with blooming Sweets enrich'd the Year,
 And fruitful Autumn is *Pomona's* Care.
 I first taught Woman to subdue Mankind,
 And all her native Charms with Dress refin'd.
 Celestial Synod, this Machine survey,
 That shades the Face, or bids cool Zephyrs play;
 This with new Graces shall inspire the Fair,
 Her Beauty heighten, and improve her Air;
 Conscious Blushes on her Cheek arise,
 With this she veils them from her Lover's Eyes;
 No levell'd Glance betrays her Am'rous Heart,
 From the Fan's Ambush she directs the Dart.
 The royal Scepter shines in *Juno's* Hand,
 And twisted Thunder speaks great *Jove's* Command,
Minerva does the Gorgon's Terror's bear,
 And her right Hand sustains the glitt'ring Spear,
 Eyes is with the bending Sickle seen,
 And the strung Bow points out the *Cynthia* Queen,
 Henceforth the waving Fan these Hands shall grace,
 As waving Fan supply the Scepter's Place.

Say then, ye Pow'rs, who shall the Pencil hold,
What Story shall the wide Machine unfold.
Let Loves and Graces lead the Dance around,
With Myrtle Wreaths and flow'ry Chaplets crown'd;
Let *Cupid's* Arrows strow the smiling Plains,
With melting Nymphs and their adoring Swains,
Let glowing Figures o'er the Surface shine,
And heav'nly Colours speak the great Design.

Diana rose; with silver Crescent crown'd,
And fix'd her modest Eyes upon the Ground;
Then with becoming Mien she rais'd her Head,
And thus with graceful Voice the Virgin said.

Has Woman then forgot all former Wiles,
The watchful Ogle, and delusive Smiles?
Does Man against her Charms too pow'rful prove,
Or are the Sex grown Novices in Love?
Why then these Arms? or why should artful Eyes,
From this slight Ambush, conquer by Surprise?
No guilty Thought the spotless Virgin knows,
And o'er her Cheek no conscious Crimson glows;
Since Blushes then from Shame alone arise,
Why should she veil them from her Lover's Eyes?
Let *Cupid* rather give up his Command,
And trust his Arrows in a female Hand;
This Trinket will be more pernicious found,
And strike each Gazer with a surer Wound.

Have not the Gods already cherish'd Pride,
And Women with destructive Arms supply'd?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest Stores,
For her the Chambers of the Deep explores;
The gaping Shell its pearly Charge resigns,
And round her Neck the lucid Bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids Earth its Wealth unfold,
Where the warm Oar is ripen'd into Gold;
Or where the Ruby reddens in the Soil,
Where the bright Emerald pays the Searcher's Toil.
Does not the Di'mond sparkle in her Ear,
Glow on her Hand, and tremble in her Hair?
From the gay Nymph the glancing Lustre flies,
And imitates the Lightning of her Eyes.
But yet if *Venus*' Wishes must succeed,
And this fantastick Engine is decreed,
May some kind Story from the Pencil flow,
To speak the Virgin's Joys, and *Hymen*'s Woe.

Here let the wretched *Ariadne* stand,
Educ'd by *Theseus* to some desert Land,
Let her dishevell'd Locks wave in the Wind,
And streaming Eyes confess her tortur'd Mind;
The perjur'd Youth unfurles his treach'rous Sails,
And their wide Bosoms catch the swelling Gales.
Still, ye Winds, the crys, stay, *Theseus*, stay;
But faithless *Theseus* hears no more than they.

Now desperate to some craggy Cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known Signal in the Skies ;
His less'ning Vessel plows the foamy Main,
She sighs, she calls, she waves the Sign in vain.

Paint *Dido* There amidst her last Distress,
Pale Cheeks and blood-shot Eyes her Grief express :
Deep in her Breast the reeking Sword is drown'd.
And gushing Blood streams from the fatal Wound ;
Her Sister *Anna* hov'ring o'er her stands,
She beats her Breast, she wrings her lifted Hands,
Upbraids the *Trojan* with repeated Cries,
And mixes Curses with her broken Sighs.
Now, ye fond Maids, each Swain that swears Believe,
They're *Trojans* all, and Vow but to Deceive.

Here draw *OEnone* in some lonely Grove,
Where *Paris* first betray'd her into Love ;
Let wither'd Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough,
Which the false Youth wove for *OEnone's* Brow,
The Garlands lose their Sweets, their Pride is shed,
And like their Odours all his Vows are fled ;
On her fair Arm her pensive Head she lays,
And *Xanthus'* Waves with mournful Look surveys ;
That Flood which witness'd his inconstant Flame,
When thus he swore, and won the yielding Dame :
Sooner these Streams shall to their Fountain move,
Than I forget my Dear *OEnone's* Love.

Roll back, ye Streams, back to your Fountain run,
Paris is false, *OEnone* is undone.

Ah wretched Maid! think how the Moments flew!
E'er you the Pangs of this curs'd Passion knew,
When Groves could please, and when you lov'd the Plain,
Without the Presence of your perjur'd Swain;
How vain were all thy Hopes, how short thy Joy:
A fairer Nymph now holds th' ungrateful Boy:
Thy Face, thy Voice, thy Touch no more invite,
Thy Rural Charms are lost in *Helen's* Light.

Let *Daphne* there fly lightly o'er the Plains,
While at her Heel impatient *Phabus* strains;
See branching Laurel from her Fingers shoot,
Her Feet grow stiff, and wander in the Root.
Thus shall the Nymph, when e'er she spreads the Fan,
In his true Colours view perfidious Man,
Pleas'd with her Virgin State in Forests rove,
And never trust the dang'rous Hopes of Love.

The Goddesses ended. Merry *Momus* rose,
With Smiles and Grins he waggish Glances throws,
Then with a noisie Laugh forestalls his Joke,
Mirth flashes from his Eyes while thus he spoke.

Rather let heavenly Deeds be painted There,
And by your own Examples teach the Fair.

Let

Let Chast *Diana* on the Piece be seen,
And the bright Crescent speak the *Cynthia* Queen;
On *Latmos*' Top see where *Endymion* lies,
Feign'd Sleep hath clos'd the youthful Lover's Eyes,
See, to his soft Embraces how she Steals,
And on his Lips her warm Caresses seals;
No more her Hand the dreadful Jav'lin holds,
But round his Neck her eager Arms she folds.
Why should our secret Thoughts weak Blushes own?
Virgins are Virgins still----while 'tis unknown.
Here let Her on some flow'ry Bank be laid,
Where friendly Beeches weave a grateful Shade,
Her naked Bosom wanton Tresses grace,
And glowing Expectation paints her Face,
O'er her fair Limbs a thin loose Veil is spread,
Stand off, ye Swains, think of *Aetion*'s Head;
Let vig'rous *Pan* th' unguarded Minute seize,
And in a shaggy Goat the Virgin please.
Blush not, Chast Goddess, nor thy Guilt reveal,
When Maids comply, they should the Slip conceal.

There with just Warmth *Aurora*'s Passion trace,
Let spreading Blushes stain her Virgin Face,
Behind her rosie Mantle loosely flows,
Her blooming Features youthful Health disclose.
See *Cyphalus* her wonton Airs despise.
While she provokes him with desiring Eyes;

Now

Now unconstrain'd she will indulge her Flame,
prevailing Love hath stifled all her Shame ;
To raise his Passion she displays her Charms,
And his fair Hand on her soft Bosom warms ;
Nor Looks, nor Pray'rs, nor Force his Heart persuade,
But with Disdain he quits the Blushing Maid.

Here let dissolving *Leda* grace the Toy,
Warm Cheeks and heaving Breasts reveal her Joy ;
Beneath the pressing Swan she pants for Air,
While with his flutt'ring Wings he fans the Fair,
There let all-conqu'ring Gold exert its Pow'r,
And soften *Danae* in a glitt'ring Show'r.

Would you warn Beauty not to feed its Pride,
Nor vainly in the treach'rous Bloom confide,
On the Machine the sage *Minerva* place,
With Lineaments of Wisdom mark her Face,
See, where she lies near some transparent Flood,
And with her Pipe hears the resounding Wood :
Her Image in the floating Glass she spies,
Her bloated Cheeks, worn Lips, and shrivell'd Eyes ;
She breaks her harmless Pipe, and with disdain
Her shatter'd Ruins flings upon the Plain.
No more her Breath the vocal Reed shall swell,
Musick Adieu, ye warbling Strains farewell.
All Arts, shall Sciences employ the Fair ?
Those Trifles are beneath *Minerva's* Care.

Now,

From

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From *Venus* let her learn the married Life,
 And all the Duties of a Vertuous Wife.
 Here on a Couch extend the *Cyprian* Dame,
 Let sparkling Eyes confess her growing Flame;
 The God of War lock'd in her clinging Arms,
 Her yielding Lips with melting Kisses warms;
 The prying Sun their am'rous Strife betrays,
 And through the Casement darts his treach'rous Rays,
 Paint limping *Vulcan* with a Husband's Care,
 And let his Brow the Cuckold's Honours wear;
 Beneath the Net the captiv'd Lovers place,
 Their Limbs entangled in a close Embrace:
 The summon'd Gods survey the struggling Bride,
 And with Contemtous Smiles the Spouse deride.
 Let these Amours adorn the new Machine,
 And female Nature on the Piece be seen;
 So shall the Fair, as long as *Fans* shall last,
 Learn from these bright Examples to be Chast.



THE

THE
FAN.
A
POEM.

BOOK III.

Thus *Momus* spoke. When bright *Minerva* rose
From her sweet Lips smooth Elocution flows,
Her skillful Hand an Iv'ry Pallet grac'd,
Where shining Colours were in Order plac'd.
As Gods are bless'd with a superior Skill,
And, swift as mortal Thought, perform their Will,
Strait she proposes, by her Art divine,
To bid the Paint express her great Design.
Th' assembled Pow'rs consent. She now began,
And her creating Pencil stain'd the Fan.

O'er the fair Field, Trees spread and Rivers flow,
Tow'rs rear their Heads, and distant Mountains grow;
Life seems to move within the glowing Veins,
And in each Face some lively Passion reigns.

Thus

Thus have I seen, Woods, Hills, and Dales appear,
 Flocks graze the Plains, Birds wing the silent Air
 In darkned Rooms, where Light can only pass
 Through the small Circle of a Convex Glas;
 On a white Sheet the moving Figures rise,
 The Forrest waves, Clouds float along the Skies.

She various Stories on the Piece design'd,
 That spoke the Follies of the Female Kind,
 The moral Stories warn the gazing Dame,
 To shun those Faults that damp a Lover's Flame.

The Fate of Pride in *Niobe* she drew,
 Be wise, ye Nymphs, that scornful Vice subdue.
 In a wide Plain th' imperious Mother stood,
 Whose distant Bounds rose in a winding Wood;
 Upon her Shoulder flows her mantling Hair,
 Pride marks her Brow, and elevates her Air;
 A purple Robe behind her sweeps the Ground,
 Whose spacious Border golden Flow'rs surround;
 She made *Latona's* Alters cease to flame,
 And of due Honours robb'd her sacred Name,
 To her own Charms she bids fresh Incense rise,
 And Adorations own her brighter Eyes.
 Sev'n Daughters from her fruitful Loyns were born,
 Sev'n graceful Sons her nuptial Bed adorn,
 Who for their Parent's arrogant Disdain,
 Were by *Latona's* double Offspring slain.

Here

Here Phæbus his unerring Arrow drew,
 And from his rising Steed her First-born threw,
 His op'ning Fingers drop the slacken'd Rein,
 And the pale Corse falls headlong to the Plain.
 Beneath her Pencil here two Wrestlers bend,
 And to the Grasp their stretching Nerves distend,
 Diana's Arrow joins them Face to Face,
 And Death unites them in a strict Embrace.
 Another Here flies trembling o'er the Plain;
 When Heav'n pursues we shun the stroke in vain.
 To wrathful Heav'n This lifts his streaming Eyes,
 And 'midst his humble Adoration dies.
 As from his Thigh This tears the barbed Dart,
 A surer Weapon strikes his throbbing Heart:
 While This to raise his wounded Brother tries,
 Death blasts his Bloom, and locks his frozen Eyes.
 The tender Sisters bath'd in Grief appear,
 With sable Garments and dishevell'd Hair.
 And o'er their gasping Brothers weeping stood,
 Some with their Tresses stopp'd the gushing Blood,
 They strive to stay the fleeting Life too late,
 And in the pious Action share their Fate.
 Now the proud Dame o'ercome by trembling Fear,
 With her wide Robe protects her only Care;
 To save her only Care in vain she tries,
 Close at her Feet the latest Victim dies.
 Down her fair Cheek the trickling Sorrow flows,
 The dewy Spangles on the blushing Rose.

C

Fixt

Here

Fixt in Astonishment she weeping stood,
And view'd the Plain dy'd with her Children's Blood,
She stiffens with her Woes : no more her Hair
In easie Curls plays in the wanton Air ;
Motion forsakes her Eyes, her Veins are dry'd,
And beat no longer with the sanguine Tide ;
All Life is fled, firm Marble now she grows,
Which still in Tears the Mother's Anguish shows.

Ye haughty Fair, your painted *Fans* display,
And the just Fate of lofty Pride survey ;
Though Lovers oft extoll your Beauty's Pow'r,
And in Celestial Similies adore,
Though from your Features *Cupid* borrows Arms,
And Goddesses confess inferior Charms,
Do not, vain Maid, the flat'ring Tale believe,
For both thy Lovers and thy Glass deceive.

Here lively Colours *Procris*' Passion tell,
Who to her jealous Fears a Victim fell.
See where in secret Ambuscade she lies,
With Jealousie she turns her watchful Eyes ;
Now *Cephalus*, hot with pursuit of Spoils,
Invok'd cool *Aura* to relieve his Toils :
The fatal Sound scarce reach'd her list'ning Ears,
Aurora in th' uncertain Voice she hears ;
She starts. The rustling Brake her Spouse deceiv'd
Who thought some rousing Prey disturb'd the Lea

Swift as the Wind he flings th' unerring Dart,
 The bloody Steel transfix'd his *Proetis* Heart.
 Here kneels the trembling Huntsman o'er his Wife,
 Who rolls her sick'ning Eyes, and gasps for Life ;
 Her drooping Head upon her Shoulder lies,
 And purple Gore her snowy Bosom dies.
 The Husband's Brow Surprise and Sorrow wears,
 And his red Eye-lids seem to swell with Tears,
 With Agony his wringing Hands he strains,
 And strong Convulsions stretch his branching Veins.

Learn Hence, ye Wives, bid vain Suspicions cease,
 Nor lose in sullen Discontents your Peace.
 For when fierce Love to Jealousie ferments,
 A Thousand Doubts and Fears the Soul invents,
 No more the Days in pleasing Converse flow,
 And Nights no more their soft Endearments know.

There on the Piece the *Volscian* Queen expir'd,
 The Love of Spoils her female Bosom fir'd ;
 Gay *Chlorens*' Arms attract her longing Eyes,
 And for the painted Plume and Helme she sighs ;
 His Golden Quiver at his Shoulder shone,
 His scaly Mail glow'd with the dazzling Sun :
Amilla now pursues the glitt'ring Prize,
 From her swift Chase the shining Warrior flies ;
 Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy Prey,
 Till an ill-fated Dart obstructs her Way ;

Down

Down drops the Martial Maid; the bloody Ground,
Floats with a Torrent from her purple Wound.
Her Mourning Nymphs her drooping Head sustain,
And try to stop the gushing Life in vain;
These with rude Strokes their naked Bosoms wound,
And throw their useless Jav'lines on the Ground.
Her Lips no longer boast their crimson Hue,
From Her cold Cheek the blushing Colour flew,
Her Eye-balls seem with dying Pangs to roll,
While through the Wound crouds her reluctant Soul.

Thus the raw Maid some tawdry Coat surveys,
Where the Fop's Fancy in Embroidery plays;
His snowy Feather edg'd with crimson Dyes,
And his bright Sword-knot lure her wandering Eyes;
Fring'd Gloves, and gold Brocade, conspire to move,
'Till the Nymph falls a Sacrifice to Love.

Here young *Narcissus* o'er the Fountain stood,
And view'd his Image in the crystal Flood,
The crystal Flood reflects his lovely Charms,
And the pleas'd Image strives to meet his Arms.
No Nymph his unexperienc'd Breast subdu'd,
Eccho in vain the flying Boy pursu'd,
Himself alone the foolish Youth admires,
And with fond Look the smiling Shade desires:
O'er the smooth Lake with fruitless Tears he grieves,
His spreading Fingers shoot in verdant Leaves,
Through

Through his pale Veins green Sap now gently flows,
And in a short-liv'd Flow'r his Beauty blows.

Let vain *Narcissus* warn each Female Breast,
That Beauty's but a transient Good at best.
Like Flow'rs it withers with th' advancing Year,
And Age like Winter robs the blooming Fair.
Oh *Araminta*, cease thy wonted Pride,
Nor longer in thy faithless Charms confide ;
Ev'n while the Glass reflects thy sparkling Eyes,
Their Lustre and thy rose Colour flies !

Thus on the Fan the breathing Figures shine,
And all the Pow'rs applaud the wise Design.
The *Cyprian* Queen the painted Gift receives,
And with a grateful Bow the Synod leaves.
To the low World she bends her steepy Way,
Where *Strephon* pass'd the solitary Day ;
She found him in a melancholy Grove,
His down-cast Eyes betray'd desponding Love ;
The wounded Bark confess'd his flighted Flame,
And ev'ry Tree bore false *Corinna*'s Name ;
In a cool Shade he lay with folded Arms,
Curfes his Fortune, and upbraids her Charms,
When *Venus* to his wond'ring Eyes appears,
And with these Words relieves his am'rous Cares.

Rise, happy Youth, this bright Machine survey,
 Whose rattling Sticks my busie Fingers sway,
 This Present shall thy cruel Charmer move,
 And in her fickle Bosom kindle Love.

The Fan shall flutter in all Female Hands,
 And various Fashions learn from various Lands.
 For this, shall Elephants their Ivory shed;
 And polished Sticks the waving Engine spread:
 His clouded Mail the Tortoise shall resign,
 And round the Rivet pearly Circles shine.
 On this shall *Indians* all their Art employ,
 And with bright Colours stain the gaudy Toy;
 Their Paint shall Here in wildest Fancies flow,
 Their Dress, their Customs, their Religion show,
 So shall the *British* Fair their Minds improve,
 And on the Fan to distant Climates rove.
 Here shall the *Chinese* Dame her Pride display,
 And silver Figures gild her loose Array;
 She boasts her little Feet and winking Eyes,
 And tunes the Fife, or tinkling Cymbal plies:
 Here cross-leg'd Nobles in rich State shall dine,
 Where on the Floor large painted Vessels shine,
 For These, O *China*, shall thy Realms be sought,
 With These shall *Europe's* mighty Ships be fraught,
 Thy glitt'ring Earth shall tempt their Ladies Eyes,
 Who for thy brittle Jars shall Gold despise.

Gay France shall make the Fan her Artist's Care,
 And with the costly Trinket arm the Fair,
 As learned Orators that touch the Heart,
 With various Action raise their soothing Art,
 Both Head and Hand affect the list'ning Throng,
 And humour each Expression of the Tongue.
 Thus ev'ry Passion by the Fan is seen,
 From chatt'ring Anger to the sullen Spleen.
 The peeping Fan in modern Times shall rise,
 Through which unseen the Female Ogle flies;
 This shall in Temples the sly Maid conceal,
 And shelter Love beneath Devotion's Veil.
 While Widows seek once more the Nuptial State,
 And wrinkled Maids repent their Scorn too late,
 As long as youthful Swains shall Nymphs deceive,
 And easie Nymphs those youthful Swains believe,
 While Beaus in Dress consume the tedious Morn,
 So long the Fan shall Female Hands adorn.

While *Venus* spoke, Joy shone in *Strephon's* Eyes,
 Proud of the Gift, he to *Corinna* flies.
 But *Cupid* who delights in am'rous Ill,
 Wounds Hearts, and leaves them to a Woman's Will,
 In unsuspected Artifice employs,
 And in a Moment *Strephon's* Hope destroys:
 His golden Shaft the waggish Archer threw,
 Which to *Leander's* panting Bosom flew,

Leander lov'd ; and to the sprightly *Dame*
 In gentle Sighs reveal'd his growing Flame ;
 With Smiles *Corinna* his soft Sighs returns,
 And for the Fop in equal Passion burns.

Now *Strephon* comes, and with a suppliant Bow,
 Offers the Present, and renews his Vow :
 The gay *Coquette*, of her last Conquest vain,
 Snatches the Trinket from the trembling Swain,
 Then turns around with a disdainful Mien,
 Smiles on the Fop, and flirts the new Machine.

The Smock-Race,

A T

F I N G L A S.

NOW did the Bag-Pipe in hoarse Notes begin
 Th' expected Signal to the neighb'ring Green ;
 While the mild Sun, in the Decline of Day,
 Shoots from the distant *West* a cooler Ray.
 Alarm'd, the sweating Crowds forsake the Town,
 Unpeopled *Finglas* is a Desert grown.
Joan quits her Cows, that with full Udders stand,
 And low unheeded for the Milker's Hand.

The Joyous Sound the distant Reapers hear,
 Their Harvest leave, and to the Sport repair.
 The *Dublin-Prentice*, at the welcome Call,
 In Hurry rises from his Cakes and Ale;
 Handing the flaunting Sempstress o'er the Plains,
 He struts a Beau among the homely Swains.

The Butcher's foggy Spouse amidst the Throng,
 Rubb'd clean, and rawdry dress'd, puffs slow along:
 Her pond'rous Rings the wond'ring Mob behold,
 And dwell on every Finger heap'd with Gold:
 Long to *St. Patrick's* filthy shambles bound,
 Surpris'd, she views the rural Scene around;
 The distant Ocean there salutes her Eyes,
 Where tow'ring Hills in goodly Order rise;
 Where fruitful Valleys long extended lay,
 Where Sheaves of Corn, and Cocks of fragrant Hay.
 While whatsoe'er she hears, she smells, or sees,
 Gives her fresh Transports; and she doats on Trees.
 Yet, (hapless Wretch) the servile Thirst of Gain
 Can force her to her stinking Stall again.

begin
 Green; Nor was the Country-Justice wanting there,
 To make a Penny of the Rogues that swear;
 With supercilious Looks he awes the Green,
 "Sirs, keep the Peace——I represent the Queen.
 "Or Paddy swears his whole Week's Gains away,
 "While my young Squires blaspheme, and nothing pay.

All

Th

All on the mossie Turf confus'd were laid,
The Jolly Rustick, and the buxom Maid,
Impatient for the Sport, too long delay'd.

When, lo, old *Arbiter* amid the Croud,
Prince of the annual Games, proclaim'd aloud,
" Ye Virgins that intend to try the Race,
" The swiftest wins a Smock enrich'd with Lace:
" A Cambrick Kerchief shall the next adorn,
" And Kidden Gloves shall by the third be worn.
This said, he high in Air display'd each Prize;
All view the waving Smock with longing Eyes.

Fair *Oonah* at the Barrier first appears,
Pride of the neighb'ring Mill, in Bloom of Years;
Her native Brightness borrows not one Grace,
Uncultivated Charms adorn her Face,
Her rosie Cheeks with modest Blushes glow,
At once her Innocence and Beauty show:
Oonah the Eyes of each Spectator draws,
What Bosom beats not in fair *Oonah's* Cause?

Tall as a Pine, Majestick *Nora* stood,
Her youthful Veins were swell'd with sprightly Blood
Inur'd to Toyls, in wholsom Gardens bred,
Exact in ev'ry Limb, and form'd for Speed.

To thee, O *Shevan*, next what Praise is due?
Thy Youth and Beauty doubly strike the View,
Fresh as the Plumb that keeps the Virgin Blue!

Each well deserves the Smock,---but Fates decree
But One must wear it, tho' deserv'd by Three.

Now Side by Side the panting Rivals stand,
And fix their Eyes upon th' appointed Hand:
The Signal giv'n, spring forward to the Race;
Not fam'd *Camilla* ran with fleetier Pace.

Nora, as Lightning swift, the rest o'er pass'd,
While *Shevan* fleetly ran, yet ran the last.

But *Oonah*, thou hadst *Venus* on thy side;

At *Nora*'s Petticoat the Goddess ply'd,

And in a trice the fatal String unty'd.

Quick stop'd the Maid, nor wou'd, to win the Prize,
Expose her hidden Charms to vulgar Eyes.

But while to tye the treach'rous Knot she staid,

Both her glad Rivals pass the weeping Maid.

Now in despair she plies the Race again,

Not winged Winds dart swifter o'er the Plain;

She (while chaste *Dian* aids her hapless Speed)

Shevan outstrip'd---nor further cou'd succeed.

For with redoubled haste bright *Oonah* flies,

Seizes the Goal, and wins the noblest Prize.

Loud Shouts and Acclamations fill the Place,

Tho' Chance on *Onah* had bestow'd the Race;

Like *Felim* none rejoyc'd---a lovelier Swain

Ne'er fed a Flock on the *Fingalian* Plain.

Long

Long he with secret Passion lov'd the Maid,
Now his encreasing Flame it self betray'd.
Stript for the Race how bright did she appear!
No Cov'ring hid her Feer, her Bosom bare,
And to the Wind she gave her flowing Hair.
A thousand Charms he saw, conceal'd before,
Those, yet conceal'd, he fancy'd still were more.

Felim, as Night came on, young *Oonah* woo'd;
Soon willing Beauty was by Truth subdu'd.
No jarring Settlement their Bliss annoys,
No Licence needed to defer their Joys.
Oonah e'er Morn the sweets of Wedlock try'd;
The Smock she won a Virgin, wore a Bride,



FINIS.

